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The Cruise of the Atlanta.

“**W**ARNING—A violent disturbance is reported off Key West. It is not considered safe for vessels to leave southern ports.”

This bulletin caught my eye on the morning of September 8th, as I passed the *News and Courier* building on my way to the office of the Charleston Steamship Co., to secure passage on the City of Atlanta for New York. The ticket agent, accordingly, did not surprise us when he informed us that the vessel would not leave till eleven P.M., although he declared that freight engagements were the occasion of the delay. During the afternoon the departure was again postponed until nine o'clock the following morning, which was Sunday, and many of the passengers spent the evening on the decks, or retired to their state-rooms to battle with the mosquitos that swarmed upon the docks, and to listen to the steady creak of the cranes and derricks that were storing an immense cargo of cotton in the hold of the ship.

Early in the morning the vessel presented a scene of lively interest; groups of passengers and their friends were

gathered here and there exchanging words of parting and good wishes for a successful trip; glad voices and merry laughter mingled with the steady *hoi-o-ho* of the sailors, as they pulled at the stays and wrapped the sails; ribbons and streamers fluttered in the fresh northeast breeze that blew stiffly in from the bar, or drooped in the white wreaths of smoke that were already rising from the fires below. The officers in uniform and society manners played the host, and accepted the guardianship of fair women and laughing girls. And now the whistle sounds; the officers hurry to their posts, the last hand-shake is over, the last good-bye said, friends hasten down the gang-way, the hawsers are loosed, a sudden tremor runs through the great hull, as though it were loth to run again its fearful gauntlet of waves—the propeller turns, and we have started.

The weather that morning was anything but pleasant. The air was warm, damp and close. The sky was covered over with clouds that had a deep, misty look. And on the horizon they were wrinkled and tumbled, as if the Sabbath day frowned that the sound of machinery should break the silence of its sacred hours. The wind was veering round to the northwest. The water had a swell that gave the ladies a taste of the peculiar ship-motion, and indicated to the more experienced that outside the bar we would "have some weather." And when we struck the open sea the pitch was so uncomfortable that all shut themselves in the saloon of state-rooms, and, as we thought, the dull monotony of a three-days voyage began.

All that afternoon the wind increased in velocity, blowing nearly southeast. The ship labored heavily, standing in the teeth of the gale, and the sea ran high. An ominous silence fell over the deck with the fall of night, broken only by the rattle of the rigging and the splash of spray, between the dull thumps of the engine, and later in the night, by the patter of large rain-drops on the sky-lights. The captain, in the wheel-house, now began his lonely watch, a

watch that lasted, without intermission, for days and nights, and the sailors unconsciously addressed themselves to a struggle with wind and rain that became most desperate when the issue seemed most hopeless. Sleep was broken and comfortless. One's state-room was a scene of inextricable confusion. All that was movable was heaped up, now on this side, now on that, or seemed to swim in mid-air, as the vessel careened to right or left or hesitated a moment on the summit of a sea, and then plunged, with resistless energy, into the bosom of the next.

On Monday afternoon the hurricane came upon us with awful fury. The wind blew ninety miles an hour. The crests of the mountain waves were levelled off and carried away like chess-men on a board. The rigging shrieked as though a thousand fiends were perched upon the ladders to mock our puny efforts, to mock loudest when a stay gave way or a spar was wrenched from its position. The masts trembled in their sockets, tugging at their wide ropes and threatening to tear away the deck with its supports, and the wheel grated harshly as it was lifted high above the yawning trough and cut the air in its regular revolutions. Great seas rolled over the ship from bow to stern, sweeping away all that was detached and flooding the deck-rooms through broken lights and untarred cracks.

Such a strain could not be borne long. At noon the timbers about the ports on the leeward side began to give, and water trickled into the hold, to be soaked up by the cotton bales that were closely packed beneath the hatches. Every sea that struck the ship like an iron wall enlarged the opening. At four o'clock the water was seven feet deep in the hold, and the fires were put out. The engine stopped with a last groan. The wheel stretched out its long, silent arms in an appeal to the boiling waters in behalf of helpless women and children. The rudder was now useless and the vessel fell into the trough of the sea. A sail was run up to right her, and for a moment it flapped wildly to and fro,

then, as the wind caught in its folds, it was torn away with the report of a musket, and the shreds of its sheets twisted round the boom, or lay wet upon the deck.

Feeling sea-sick, I had retired to my room, which was above and on the windward side, early in the forenoon, and as the day wore away and evening came on, I began to feel indescribably lonely and oppressed. I had eaten nothing during the day except an apple, and this, added to the exertion and muscular strain required in maintaining any describable position, enhanced this feeling to a terrible extreme. I knew not what was happening. I knew to attempt to cross the deck would be to succeed too well, for the seas rolled over the roof above with every lunge of the vessel's bow, and the sailors had not dared to pass that way for hours. For I had watched my little window so anxiously, to see it darkened by a human form, and I had strained my ears so intently to hear a footstep outside the door. The water, inches deep upon the floor, washed back and forth with a strange, cold sound, and floating life-preservers, that had fallen from their shelves, presented ghostly forms in the dim light. About midnight I could lie still no longer. I arose and steadied myself to the door, and when the ship swung up, tried to open it. It was as firm as if it had a dozen bolts. I waited some seconds, until there came a lull in the roar without, and with all my might pushed again. This time it opened slightly, but, as I leaned forward, the wind regained its fury, snatched the latch from out my hand, and, with irresistible fury, slammed the door upon its lock, and threw me back upon the berths, while streams of water poured in through the walls and ran from the cross-pieces overhead. This effort brought the greatest relief. I now felt ready for the worst. Shortly afterwards I knocked heavily against the wall, and heard a dull response; this was delightful company as the night wore on.

In the morning our condition was most alarming; indeed, unless help arrived, death was only a matter of time. The

wind had abated somewhat, and we all assembled in the saloon. The ship lay upon her side, unballasted by the soaked and shifted cotton. The leaks could not be reached, and the water was gaining on the pumps. All were living on ship biscuit, and drinking briny water, red with rust and dirt. No observations had been made since we left Charleston. Finally block and tackle were arranged, and all hands worked at hauling the cotton up and throwing it overboard; and when the sea was dotted all around with scattered bales, a passage was effected to the leak, I crept down the dark pathway and saw the water running in, a sight to bring despair to the boldest heart.* We now formed double lines up and down the engine stairs, and passed buckets of water. But this could not be kept up long; everyone was worn out with prolonged exertion, and soon the crew were left alone, fighting for life. And what heroes those seamen were. They toiled night and day without sleep, and with little to eat and drink. Men fell in their tracks from sheer exhaustion; but, at a word of encouragement from captain or mate, rose again to spend the little strength that remained.

This was our situation on Tuesday afternoon. The passengers were dejected and without hope. The ladies, I must add, were now the guardian angels of the ship. They were obliged to provide for themselves, for the stewardess had taken Lady Macbeth's remedy to "screw her courage to the sticking point," and was prattling about like a maniac, and this exertion made them bustling and cheerful. But the scene was sadder still on this account; for the wind was rising again, the heavens were black and lowering, and the sea growled and rolled heavily. Eager eyes scanned the broken horizon between the waves for a sail, and vainly scanned. Pale faces looked into each other, and pale lips moved in prayer, for the shades of night that were now approaching were probably the last that would ever fall upon the City of Atlanta.

* At one time, it is said, the vessel sank fifteen inches in three hours.

But rescue was near. Several of us were sitting together around the long dining-table, thinking, thinking, thinking of home and of friends, when the silence was broken by a voice, that shouted through the open door above: "Steamer in sight!" How that cry ran through the ship! Men bounded up and down stairs, and, hatless and breathless, braved the wind, and lined the railing, to see the approaching ship. State-room windows opened, for eager faces to watch for a word of tidings. Sea-sick passengers rose and walked. Sailors and captain hurried for signals and glass. The very sky seemed bright, the waters bluer. Never was food more precious to a famished man; never was daylight more welcome to the eyes of the blind. The mail-ship *British Empire*, from Vera Cruz and Havana, stood in the horizon, and every time she rose upon the billows her hull seemed larger and nearer, as she responded to the signal "Union down," that was now floating from our mizzen-mast. And now followed one of the strangest pieces of barter that a man with a soul ever tried to consummate. After hours vainly spent in effecting a communication, the British captain refused to tow the *Atlanta*, and insisted on taking the passengers off and deserting the vessel and cargo. Captain Lockwood declared that it would be the sheerest folly to attempt to transfer the passengers when such a sea was running, and said he would not leave his ship. All night the Britisher lay by, his lights growing dim as we drifted away—all hands working to keep the water down in the hold. In the morning, after hours of useless parley, with the lives of all on board at stake, he consented to fasten hawsers, and take us in tow. But when this was done, and all seemed well, a black-board appeared in the stern of the *British Empire*, with the words, "Going to Norfolk," in chalk. Going to Norfolk! We could not live to Norfolk; so our black-board answered. And when the British captain steered for Norfolk, due north, Captain Lockwood steered for Charleston, due east. Thus, in the open sea,

when every hour was priceless; when passengers and crew were in the greatest peril; when a storm would have cut the hawsers and separated us forever; those vessels pulled apart, at the caprice of a man who would trifle with life to increase his salvage on a disabled ship. No condemnation is too strong for such inhuman conduct. It sounds like a story of piracy and warfare, rather than of noble rescue, and deserves a place in the records of human crime and cruelty.

Captain Lockwood carried the day, however, and late Wednesday afternoon we started for the Carolina coast. The sea, for an hour that evening, was grandly beautiful. The heavy black clouds drew back as if the masts had cut a furrow through to the sky, and the moon shone dimly down the rift, trying to maintain her light against the angry winds. The blue waters of the Gulf Stream flashed their phosphorous torches, to imitate her splendor, and threw their foam in bright relief against the great black waste, outside the illuminated circle. In the calm, silvery light above, answered by the flickering, hesitating gleams below, we read the lesson of broken human plans and hesitating deeds, illumined by the sacred rays of Divine Providence and care.

On Thursday we disembarked at Smithville, N. C., and, as our little tug started up the Cape Fear, there rang out the clear *sss! boom! ah!* of the Princeton cheer for the gallant City of Atlanta.

My Briar-Wood Pipe.

FAR over the sea, in the south of fair France,
A plant grew for me by design or by chance;
So lovely the blossom, yet thorny the stem,
By the name of Sweet-briar 'tis known among men.
It's knotted brown root and stem short and sweet,
By cutting and gouging and polishing neat,
In the artist's hand grew to a beautiful whole,
This briar-wood pipe with it's quaintly carved bowl.

How often, in years that have long passed away,
I have sat in the dusk at the close of the day,
And watched thy red glow and felt thy heart warm,
As I gave myself up to reverie's charm.
I see in thy smoke-wreaths the long, vanished scenes,
The sweet, golden fancies of unfulfilled dreams;
And friends who've been gathered like sheaves that are ripe,
Come again by thy magic, my briar-wood pipe.

Fair pictures of school days, their friendship so true,
Dainty, sweet maidens with eyes gray or blue,
The dear, tender scene between bashful young lovers
In the smoke from thy generous bowl ever hovers.
Ah! the brave college days that followed them soon,
When the years slipped away to time's sweetest tune;
When we worked deepest problems with judgment so ripe;
You bring them all back, you enchanted old pipe.

In the life that came after, the struggle and toil,
The striving for place in the rough world's turmoil;
When deserted by friends, when no one was true,
Thou didst stay with me, most constant friend you.
Thus ever thy smoke-curled brought visions to me
Of the scenes of the past where I once loved to be.
But thou, too, art ageing and old like myself,
And soon we'll together be laid on the shelf.

So when rains of November beat down the dead leaves,
And the sad mind grows heavy and o'er the past grieves,
The same sweet consoler I'll seek once again,
With the old fondness kissing thy amber-tipped stem.
Once more with the weed, then, thy quaintly carved bowl
I'll fill to the brim, and lay on the coal.
Once more in thy smoke-wreaths call up the old life,
My friend, my consoler, my sweet-briar pipe.

The Academic Conscience.

ONE Sunday evening, less than a year ago, a phrase was employed by a speaker in chapel which has stuck to the memories of the audience like a bad dollar, and which bids fair to become a current expression with us,—“The academic

conscience." It is queer what moral obliquity a man with such a conscience sometimes possesses. It is strange how inadequate the terms and values of this conscience are in vacation, for instance, or in our dealings with non-college men. It is terrible how utterly this conscience collapses and shuts up shop when its owner graduates and leaves the place where it was created and fostered. In the world a lie is a lie; in college a lie often depends on what is lied about. If a man lies to defend his classmate or to pass an examination, this genial bosom companion, this friendly adviser, the academic conscience, does not keep him awake nights in consequence.

A terrible howl arose among us last spring when an outspoken writer in the *Princetonian* made an honest revelation of facts respecting cheating at examinations. I should not have said "revelation," for the facts were long ago patent to us all. What extreme solicitude certain of us showed lest those statements should be taken hold of by the outside world! The very men who are most foolhardy in the way of inviting public scandal by disorderly acts, were loudest in denunciation of this "giving the college away." The shoe fit so well that it showed the cloven hoof in too many instances. Are we not taught in Psychology to distinguish the *excusing* conscience? The academic one is of that sort.

If the people who discuss the classics question in the *Popular Science Monthly*, were informed of the true nature of the moral sense developed in colleges, they would be overjoyed. Another arraignment of ancient literature, after the scientific inductive method: "College men are required to read the writings of a Roman called Virgil, who everywhere terms his hero (a certain Trojan, perfidious and incontinent), 'the pious Æneas.' College men have a singular inability to perceive moral distinctions. Therefore the study of ancient literature has a bad moral effect upon the minds of the young!" If this is not a correct syllogism, it is so much

the better illustration of the way in which the *Popular Science Monthly* handles the classics question.

But, seriously, it must be admitted that there is a marvelously perverted notion of right and wrong prevalent among us; that the words "gentleman" and "honor" are frightfully misunderstood by some; that expediency is often substituted for morality. The mildest form in which this distorted idea comes out is malevolent disorder in class-room. This is often indulged in, simply because the instructor is helpless and the fellows know it. I appeal to your good sense, if this is not cruelty and cowardice combined! Two of the more flagrant forms are the handing in of false excuses and the despicable vice of cheating at examinations. It is at the root of these concrete examples that I would strike; at the public sentiment which tolerates any such practices. There is an undue deference to the majority. When the majority of a class decide to cut a recitation, I would not say that they do wrong. But when they ridicule those who are, on moral grounds, opposed to cutting, they commit an act of brutality; and when those who feel it wrong for themselves to cut, do cut, because they fear the censure of their class, *they* commit an act of cowardice. Who of us has not to lament his own sin in one or both of these particulars? The pressure of the majority, their scorn and ridicule, are terrible things to bear. The most pitiable object above ground is the college man who is despised by his classmates. No! a more pitiable man is he who, against his own convictions, yields to public pressure, and consciously, though unwillingly, works his own ruin. He cannot find self-respect in his own heart; and if he lives four years with the men who forced him to this wretched position, they too will find him out and despise him accordingly. We talk about boot-licking; we righteously hate the man who takes improper advantage of an instructor's callowness or kindness, as the case may be; while in our very midst is going on the most outrageous form of that same vice. Yes!

men who would rather be seen talking to a thief, than to a Professor in private, will boot-lick a clique, or a class, or a whole college, with perfect shamelessness.

There is such a thing as "the unco' guid;" there are men whose consciences are like hair-triggers, and go off before you've touched them; there are—tell it not in Gath—such men in college. But we do not have to go far to see another kind. There are men in college whose consciences are completely reversed, and shoot the wrong way; men who take offense at the good only, and whose delight is in the law of the devil, and in his law do they meditate day and night. I once knew of a man who almost assaulted an acquaintance of his who asked if he was going to enter the ministry. Of course the decent men, the gentlemen, the men of purity and honor, are in a large majority; and, after all, it is easy to exaggerate the evil and make out orations against imaginary Catilines. The great pity is that this majority should permit themselves to be over-ridden by the few base and unprincipled men on the other side, especially in the early years of college life. But it is impossible, and it would be wrong, to draw the line and say to some: "Stand off! you are on the other side; you belong to the goats, and I, righteous man, am one of the sheep!" No! that will never do. What we want is a sound, healthy public sentiment, an honest conscience, not over-sensitive, yet made neither of rock-flint nor putty. We would have every man feel that he is an individual and has his rights; that neither his class nor his college—nor the college papers—have the slightest right to dictate to him in the matters of conscience. But when a question of numbers, of votes, of concerted action arises, we would have the decent majority know their strength and use it.

As an example of what a few zealous and noble fellows can do to straighten out the moral obliquity of a college, we would like to instance the work done by the sixth form at Rugby School, in the days of Dr. Thomas Arnold. The

world, to be sure, has nowhere seen such potent manliness, such victorious moral influence, as Dr. Arnold himself exhibited; but he would have been fighting the sea with sand, had it not been for the help of his older scholars. These boys, after being in the school for half-a-dozen years, felt deeply a sense of loyalty to Rugby; and when they perceived that Rugby's head-master was a man who could bring up the school to the very first rank, as he afterwards did, they surrendered to him all their influence and determined to support his measures. His measures were severe, and their allegiance cost them many a sacrifice at first, but gradually he won their hearts; and then followed a devotion unparalleled in the history of education. When that man died, the men who formerly had been his scholars, gay young university blades, hard-reading fellows and tutors, hid themselves like wounded animals for very grief.

But that is neither here nor there. The point to be noticed is the way in which his older scholars worked for the promotion of manly Christian character among the lower classes. We all remember young Brooke, in "Tom Brown's School-days," and how Tom himself labored for good when in the sixth form. A more reliable and convincing evidence of the spirit that then prevailed has lately fallen under my notice. Arthur Hugh Clough's correspondence, while at Rugby, reveals his deep solicitude for the cause of honesty, of scholastic success, of athletic triumph for Rugby. In one letter to a classmate, he writes: "I verily believe my whole being is soaked through with the wishing and hoping and striving to do the school good, or rather to keep it up and hinder it from falling in this, I do think, very critical time, so that all my cares and affections and conversation, thought, words and deeds, look to that involuntarily." And again: "There is a great deal of good in the top of the school, but then it is what may be called disagreeable good, having much evil mixed with it; especially in little matters. So that from these persons good is

disliked. I am trying, if possible, to show them that good is not necessarily disagreeable, and that a Christian may be, and is likely to be, a gentleman; and that he is surely much more than a gentleman." And later, while at Oxford, he and the other Rugbeians there were accustomed to correspond with the boys at the school on the subject of Rugby success, as if they were carrying on a diplomatic mission in time of war. Their solicitude to spread soundness and health through the universities was quite famous, and they became known at Oxford and Cambridge as "the Arnold set." They were not such remarkably bright scholars; they were not more than usually powerful in other respects, but for solidity and worth they were marked men. They were always to be depended upon. They were men of character. They were strong men. They were no bantlings. Their efforts found ample reward in Rugby's success, and in the influence which they exerted at the universities and in the world.

Such a mission lies before the men for whom this article is written. For Princeton's sake, if not for our own, let us institute a reform. It is very likely that we are not weaker in these respects than other colleges. Indeed, the general opinion, and, I hope, the correct one, is that Princeton men do have a certain superiority in matters of solidity and strength. Princeton men are not often accused of shallowness or lack of manliness. But that makes no difference; all are willing to confess that the race has yet to be run that will bring us to perfection. Let us, then, take it upon ourselves to make the name of Princeton famous for honor, strength of character, and, above all, loyalty.

A Defense of Historical Fiction.

FICTION may be divided into three classes—fiction of incident, fiction of character and fiction of information or discussion. Of these, the first is almost entirely the product of imagination. It aims to please by the strangeness and startling character of the events described and scenes portrayed. The delineation of character, or the inculcation of truth, is, in such fiction, merely incidental. Its author relies, for his success, upon the plot of his story.

The second class is of a higher type, and marks a higher development of authorship. The delineation of character forms its chief attraction. Its personages are placed before us with their thoughts and feelings, their habits and dispositions, thoroughly analyzed and presented for inspection. Upon success in this art the author stakes his reputation.

The historical novel, while relying largely for its interest upon striking situations and events, and indulging much in characterization, belongs essentially to neither of these two types of fiction. It is, in theory at least, a member of the third family of fictitious literature, according to this division—the didactic. This class, although perhaps sometimes devoid of the thrilling excitement which is a characteristic feature of the other two, undoubtedly marks a higher literary art than either. We should infer *a priori* that this would be true. A novel written for the purpose of information, whether it rest upon an historical incident or a philosophical or theological truth, has a fixed and sure foundation. It is built “upon a rock,” and not “upon the sand.” After imagination has reached a limit, beyond which even it cannot pass, or has grown “weary of wandering” through boundless dominions, it may return to a resting place, which it is not compelled to prepare for itself. This is especially true in the case of the historical novel. Therefore, the presumption in its favor is all the stronger. A brief examina-

tion of its chief merits as a species of literature will serve to strengthen this favorable presumption.

If there be one error into which, before all others, novelists are prone to fall, it is that of wandering too far into the realm of human impossibility. How often is the experience of the reader, upon laying aside a work of fiction, like that of one who, upon awakening from a vivid dream, can scarcely realize that he is still doomed to live and toil among ordinary mortals. The story has carried him beyond the range of man's capabilities. It has brought him into contact with beings "pure as the snow," and "beautiful as the morning;" beings whose virtues frail humanity may with profit emulate, but can never hope to rival. Other characters have been portrayed, with souls so seared and blackened that the vilest of mortals appears spotless in comparison. Such a flight into another sphere of existence is, at the time, delightful. That art which can create such a sphere and consistently maintain its attractions throughout a literary production, is worthy of the highest praise. But, would it not be far more praiseworthy if it could embody as much absorbing interest, and display equal literary ability, in a narrative which would not seek to lead the thoughts of man where man himself is forbidden to follow? An ideal novel might well be defined as that which unites the evidence of the highest literary talent and inventive imagination with the greatest possibility of its events occurring in a world like our own. Now the tendency of fiction which rests upon the basis of historical facts is to force the author to shape his production according to this standard. He must sometimes speak the truth. He must impart some useful information. He must be, at the same time, imaginative and attractive.

But it may be argued, in opposition to this, that, after all, the chief object of the historical novel is to amuse; and that truth is, therefore, subordinated to this end. While this is, in part, true, it is by no means the whole truth. It is the

privilege of the author to intermingle facts with such imaginary incidents as he may choose to introduce. We might go even farther, and admit that he is allowed to subordinate minor trivial facts to the harmony of his story. But when he steps beyond this, when his statements materially conflict with historical evidence, he not only renders worthless his own production, but casts a reflection upon the historical novel as a form of literary art. It detracts nothing from the merits of "Kenilworth" that Leicester is represented, contrary to the historical fact, to have owned Kenilworth castle before his marriage. But, had Scott located that castle in France, or had he denied the marriage of Leicester and Amy Robsart, "Kenilworth" would never have attained so high a position in English literature.

For every right method there are a thousand wrong ones; for every truth there are a thousand falsehoods. To attempt, therefore, to harmonize a rigidly accurate theory with an erroneous one, involves, as a rule, greater difficulty and confusion than the attempted union of two utterly false hypotheses. So a story, involving both truth and falsehood, is much more likely to result in contradiction than is one which avoids all reality. Therefore, he who successfully weaves a romance in which his imagination and his knowledge of history unite in the production of one harmonious whole, evinces greater genius and ability than he whose literature savors only of a brilliant imagination.

To behold imagination, wearying of earth's meager fetters, spurn his bursted bonds and soar away, away, until limitless time and space appall him; to see him plunge boldly into the mysteries of creation, and drag forth gods and demigods, nymphs and demons, for the occasion; to mark him as the gates of a future world are opened at his command, and he enters to behold and possess, justly calls forth the highest eulogies. But if, while spurning bonds, he spurns not truth; if, through all his wanderings, eternal verity is

ever kept in sight, reason whispers that the feat he is now accomplishing is even more magnificent.

Objectively considered, also, the historical novel merits favorable attention. Every one has noticed the chilling repugnance which the strangeness of a new study tends to beget in a student. After the initiatory step has been taken, this strangeness disappears, and the task becomes comparatively easy. Historical fiction may be the initiatory step to the study of that portion of history over which it extends. The chief events of an important period of a nation's history; the inevitable law of cause and effect, which operates in moulding the destiny of a people; the ultimate triumph of truth and justice over error and oppression, are set forth in such attractive dress as to both interest and delight.

But the question may arise, does not this very pleasure and delight tend to destroy all relish for the proper and accurate study of history? This may be answered in two ways. If the historical novel be read for the sake of pleasure alone; if the reader be predetermined to disregard all the instruction afforded, and all the moral truths set forth, then, indeed, he will not be incited to further study. But if his motive be the acquisition of profit, as well as the pursuit of pleasure, if "gladly would he learn," he is incited to search for richer gems from that mine in which he has been delving.

A comparison of what is recorded by history proper with the information given by the historical novel, is a source of knowledge which may be easily underestimated. The actual course of events is set forth in bold relief by a comparison with the parallel chain of circumstances, which is at once recognized as the offspring of speculation, as a mere portrayal of what might have happened without materially affecting what actually did happen. The truth is placed on one side; what could have been truth, on the other. The diligent observer derives both pleasure and profit from the contrast. This must be a sufficient refutation of that objec-

tion to the historical novel which represents it as tending to confuse and mislead the student of history. Upon the superficial student only can it exert such an influence. But he who reads history as history, and fiction as fiction, who bestows upon each the care which it merits, but allows neither to usurp an undue share of his attention, will ever find them agreeably acting and reacting on each other.

If any kind of fiction is a legitimate form of literary art, the historical novel certainly deserves to be so considered. The objections which may be urged against it apply equally well to every other form of romance. Nay, more—these objections, if allowed to stand, would reflect discredit upon many of the best productions in nearly every branch of literature. They would shut the door of that prison-cell in Bedford jail, from which imagination took its flight through the wicket-gate, the valley of the shadow of death, on over the delectable mountains and through the dark-flowing river, till it stood at the beautiful entrance to its destined home. They would impeach the masterpiece of him who, although physically blind, could, with his mental vision, descend as deep as hell and soar as high as heaven. They would even tend to cast reproach upon an essential part of His teaching who said: "Therefore speak I to them in parables, because they seeing see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand." The historical novel is a mark of an enlightened and cultivated age. It forms in literature, between the works of reality and those of unfettered imagination, a link whose importance would be fully demonstrated by its loss.

A Mountain Mystery.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE month of August, 1870, two students of one of our eastern colleges, Harry Risque and George King by name, were sojourning at Orkney Springs. Orkney consists

of one moderate-sized hotel, nestled in a valley, surrounded by peaks which form that part of the Allegheny Mountains dividing Virginia from West Virginia. It is a very romantic spot, and the surrounding mountains are full of interest to the sight-seer and the invalid. Our story opens on the afternoon of the 5th.

The weather was all that could be desired, bright and cool; just such a day as would invite one to wander over the mountains. Our two friends had that morning determined to ride to Old North Mountain, about fifteen miles distant, to see the celebrated view of the Shenandoah valley, which is spread out at one's feet like a beautiful landscape painting. At one o'clock, properly equipped with field-glasses, and having procured two horses, Harry and George started on their expedition. Their route was by an old and almost disused road, which wound in S shaped curves up the mountain side. They were proceeding pleasantly along, when, to their surprise, they found the first ridge had been crossed, and they were about half way up the second. They paused to rest their horses and water them at a small mountain stream that crossed the road at this point. The situation was one of the most picturesque; on each side of the road immense masses of stone, in roughly hewn blocks, were piled up as if by the hand of man, to a height of twenty or thirty feet. The stream trickled down on one side, covering the rocks with moss and slime, and disappeared through an opening between two large blocks on the other. Both friends had dismounted, and were sitting on a rock. The silence was unbroken, save by the murmuring of the water, as it dropped from rock to rock.

"Harry," said George, "What a horribly gloomy place this is." "No, man," replied Harry. "On the other hand it seems to me to be a lovely spot, and it's surprising it has such a dismal name. It is called 'Robbers' Gulch,' from some old yarn about several men being mysteriously murdered here, years ago. Why, there is not a living soul

within miles of us." But Harry did not see the terrible face, ornamented with a bushy grey beard and a pair of greedy eyes, that was looking down on them, over the edge of the highest rock. It was framed in the leaves of an oak that stood on the side of the grass-grown road, and looked the picture of some fabulous monster. "I tell you, Harry, I don't feel at all comfortable here; the name sends a cold shudder all over me. Let's leave." Harry laughingly consented and they rode on, out into the sun-light and up the mountain.

We will leave them here and return to the hotel. The afternoon passed as usual; evening came on, and, amidst dancing and other amusements, our friends were forgotten. At eleven o'clock some one inquired if Harry and George had returned, but receiving a reply in the negative, their friends determined to await their arrival. They amused themselves as best they could until the office clock pointed to twelve, when an air of uneasiness was apparent to all, but no one had the temerity to mention it. The next hour dragged slowly away and one o'clock came, but no tidings of the two young fellows. The anxiety of the watchers now found expression in words, and a search party was mentioned. At last the proprietor said, perhaps they had lost their way and would return safely at day-break; he advised all to retire. This explanation was accepted, and the waiting party gradually dispersed.

Morning came bright and fair, but no tidings of the missing young men. Excitement was at fever heat; a search party had been sent out several hours before. About noon nearly all the searchers had returned with no news; when far down the road were seen two men, each leading a horse by the bridle. When they came up they were immediately surrounded and plied with questions. They knew nothing of the young men, but had found the horses beyond the first ridge. The horses were next the objects of interest, and were carefully examined without result. What had become of their riders?

CHAPTER II.

In the Spring of 1880, almost ten years after the events recorded in the previous chapter, a party of civil engineers, who were surveying for a projected railroad, were encamped in an immense natural amphitheatre, not many miles from the former scene. Its walls were almost perpendicular, and a hundred or more feet in height. The centre of this large, crescent-shaped hollow was dotted here and there with huge rocks rudely resembling houses in shape. Evening was coming on, and the party were collecting brush for the camp fire, when they were all attracted to the base of the cliff by the cries of one of their number. In raising an old, decayed log, which was partly buried, he had unearthed a human skull. A pick being brought, the whole skeleton was found, and not far off a second one. This naturally cast a gloom over the party; and after much speculation they returned to their camp. Here was a mystery.

The approach of darkness was hastened by a mass of black clouds in the west, from which an occasional flash of lightning showed a mountain storm close at hand. The engineers, well knowing the severity of storms in this region, determined to send two of their number to ascertain if there was a place of shelter in the neighborhood. The two selected for this mission with great difficulty succeeded in climbing the rough, rocky precipice, by which their camp was almost entirely surrounded. Their search, at first, was unrewarded, until a sudden turn in the densely wooded path disclosed a distant ray of light, evidently from some human dwelling. They hastened forward as rapidly as was practicable in such a region, now completely enveloped in darkness. As they reached the door of what proved to be a small, rudely built log-hut, a blinding flash of lightning lighted up the scene, followed quickly by a peal of thunder, which echoed and re-echoed from mountain to mountain. It was the work of an instant to push open the door and enter. What a sight met their gaze! The furniture con-

sisted of one chair, a table on which was a bottle, holding in its neck a bit of candle, and in one corner a pallet of straw. On this pallet was the emaciated form of a man, about sixty-five years of age, whose delirious stare showed he was not long for this world. As the strangers entered, he half turned, and fixed his sunken eyes upon them, muttering in almost incoherent, guttural tones: "Ye've come at last, have ye? Well, I'm almost there, an' I wanted to tell all afore I went." The engineers darted rapid glances at each other, knowing that some mystery was to be solved, and probably the one that had cast a gloom over their companions. They stooped down close to the dying man, and one supported him while both listened with wrapt attention as, in scarcely audible tones, he told the following story:

"Strangers, I've lived on this here mountain nigh onto thirty years, an' never hav' left it but twice. Few people ever comes this way, an' that's why it suited me. I didn't want to see many people, som of 'em might know too much." Here he faltered and gasped for breath. It seemed his story would be lost forever. At last he recovered enough to proceed. "I'm called the 'Guide to Hell Town,' a town of rocks laying in a holler not far from here," and he pointed with trembling hand in the direction of the engineers' camp. "About ten years ago, two young fellows come along this way, an' I showed 'em the way to Hell Town, strangers, but not the way back. Ha! Ha! how they slipped off when I gave 'em a shove. I waited 'til they were quiet an' took all they had about 'em. Then a little dirt shoved over 'em an' they were fixed. Look under that loose board, strangers; there it is." Following the direction of his glance, one of them pulled up the loose board and found a rusty tin box, containing, among other things, two gold watches. One struck the finder as being familiar; upon opening it he staggered as he read: "G. K.," the initials of his room-mate at college, who had so mysteriously disappeared in this locality ten years before. He eagerly turned to question

the old man further, but a rattling noise was his only response. He was dead. The candle flickered and went out; a flash of lightning showed them the door, as the engineers in silence departed.

N.B.—The scenes here mentioned have a real existence. The character of the mountaineer is also real.

The Student at the Breakfast Table.

CHAPTER II.

THIS morning I came to breakfast early, indeed much too early, woe is me—for it is an evil hour when a man finds himself alone with a Princeton darkey, as the importunity of this gentry is so great that there is danger of being charitable unto debt. "Ise spouse, sah, yo doan want to wear dat obercoat any moah, yo wo last wintah, its all out ob style. I reckon it just 'bout fit me." I had just given "the young man called John" my last new overcoat, and I believe he was on the point of asking me for the gold filling out of my teeth, when I was rescued by the appearance of Hermann and Karl. By the way, I have not introduced you to Karl yet. Mr. Karl Tuphenuph, gentlemen. Karl is like old "Joey B., tough but devilish sly." When he came to college he brought to "the powers" more recommendations of moral character than a Catholic priest could write for an Irish servant girl who had been discharged for drunkenness.

He began his college career by taking a prominent stand in the Philadelphian Society, and became one of the main sleepers in the class prayer meeting; he attended all the religious meetings prescribed by the college, and a great many out in town. But Karl's virtue, like *The Princetonian's*, in its hazing editorial, was over-strained. All these things have a reaction, and one day he surprised us by going on a

most glorious old bat, and presenting himself at the club in a state of abnormal hilarity. From this time Karl lost caste. He left the Presbyterian Church to join the Episcopal and St Paul's Society, but the burning of "Ord" was too much for him, and he was fired, only to join the Methodist Church, and thence, into the Salvation Army; and, at last, when he thought he had completed the category of religious denominations, he joined another. "I've got it at last, boys; I've got it," says he, solemnly. "Yes, Christianity is good; it may be all good enough for the rest of you—I intend to train my children up in it, when I get some—but, boys, keep it dark, don't give it away, and I'll tell you. I wouldn't have it generally known for anything, it might create hereay over in the Seminary; boys,"—dropping his voice to an ominous whisper, and laying his fore-finger significantly upon his forehead—"boys, I'm an agnostic," and he drew up his head, threw back his shoulders and beamed upon us with a complacent smile. He had found a haven at last—I don't know whether Karl ever belonged to one of the Halls or not. I have been trying to make out, ever since the day he rose in a mass meeting and endeavored to gain the recognition of the presiding officer by shouting, Mister-r-r-r-S-Presidentscribe.

You all know Hermann, by this time. He doesn't approve of the landlady's having the same roll of butter on the table every day for two weeks, so he has just dropped it out of the window. Hermann, in worldly language, is our "exquisite." He prides himself on making an impression, what one of our Professors would call "*τὸ τυπούμενον*," or, in vulgar parlance, "a mash." He likes to look out of the window—out of the window, over the vegetable garden, an ash-heap and a pile of old oyster cans—into a kitchen. The kitchen is full of bright pans and emits an odor of frying sausage, but its chief charm is a buxom lass with rosy cheeks and plump red arms, who looks as if her name ought to be Gretchen. The

kitchen has a Hartshorn shade, from behind which Gretchen plays peek-a-boo with Hermann.

I have just overheard a few words of a conversation between Ulric and Brandt. They are again bewailing their fate in being little men. They have always been very much exercised over the fact that the majority of great men are large, physically. "I think," says Merton, entering into the conversation, "that the effect of physical proportions upon a man's intellect is purely quantitative, and not qualitative. Size adds nothing to a man's perception or judgment, nor does it increase the value of his opinions *per se*, but his opinions seem to partake of his avoirdupois, and have a certain irresistible force that carries everything before them." Brandt is particularly gloomy and morose this morning. He made two wretched flunks yesterday, and was unmercifully "sat on" by one of the Professors, so now he is cursing the lecture system and the grading system and airing his pet theory that certain of the Professors are "down on him." The mention of the lecture system gives me an opportunity of inflicting on the table one of my impromptu poems (over which I labored two hours the other night):

THE LECTUREE.

Students to right of him,
Students to left of him,
Students in front of him,
Scribbling and swearing;
Lectures on without a pause,
Logical inference draws,
Formal and final cause,
Jeremy Bentham's laws
Never forbearing.

A syllabus has been issued.

Loafers to right of him,
Loafers to left of him,
Loafers in front of him,
Nothing exciteful;

Nobody takes a note,
Not one of those who wrote,
But in their ease they gloat,
And from their hearts they vote
"Ain't this delightful!"

Brandt is right, in denouncing the grading system, and is supported both by public opinion and the college press. I was just wondering what had become of all the cod-fish balls, when I remarked that Ulric had been particularly quiet for the last five minutes, and then I understood the cause of their disappearance. But the plate being now empty, he is at liberty to take part in the conversation. "Notwithstanding all the attacks upon the present grading system," observed he, "nobody has yet offered a substitute, so I believe I'll hazard a plan which has been suggested to me. Suppose all daily marking of recitations, and all fixed examinations, were abolished. Let there be an officer of the college, a man of wide and general knowledge, who shall be called the superintendent of examinations. Let it be his duty, from time to time, to visit the recitation rooms, and note the progress and diligence of the students, and, whenever a class needs it, or a division of a subject is so completed as to make it desirable, let him, without any previous intimation to Professor or students, go to the Professor and say: 'Prof. A., you will please make out a set of examination questions for your class to-morrow, and when the class comes, at the usual hour, on the morrow, subject them to a short, rigid examination.' There could be six or eight such examinations in each department, in the course of the year, at the discretion of the superintendent. Whenever he found a class doing good work and keeping up a high standard of daily recitation, frequent examination would be unnecessary, but the instant a class began to flag or drop behind he could pop an examination upon it, and thus bring it up to the mark. If, one examination having been held, the class should think that it was safe, and could

afford to be lazy for two or three weeks, let it have another examination within a few days. These unexpected examinations would make it necessary for a man to keep up in his work, and would obviate the process of 'cramming,' which has been so universally condemned, and at the same time they would be a spur to lazy Professors as well as students. Let it also be the duty of the superintendent of examinations to collect all papers, deliver them to the Professor for correction, and afterwards return them to the students, with each correction and grade legibly marked upon them, thereby letting them see exactly wherein they failed. This would do away with all suspicion of tampering with grades, which sometimes, toward the end of Senior year, is charged against the Faculty. In connection with such a system, it would be necessary to make a rigid law that there could be no appeal from the mark on the paper."

"Good morning! Beauchamp. So you are going to try an ante-Chapel breakfast, are you?"

Beauchamp is our Chesterfield, not by choice, but simply by force of necessity, as he sits with a huge mirror just opposite him. Consequently, in point of attire, he is the neatest fellow in the crowd; but I am real sorry for him, however, as I don't believe I ever saw him eat a hearty meal since he has been among us. He comes in some days apparently with a keen appetite, and falls to with avidity, but just as he is gnawing away at a brown, crisp leg of chicken, he happens to raise his eyes and sees the undignified figure he presents in the mirror, and his ardor fades, his appetite begins to ebb, he drops his bone, ceases to be a college student, and once more becomes the "model of deportment." But Beauchamp gets into us, yes—he is the ladies' favorite, he dances—well—don't you know?—anything to please the girls. He always comes to the table folding a dainty sheet of note paper, or asks us to excuse him while he opens an elegant little envelope, from which steals a delicate perfume penetrating our jealous nostrils. I

used to wonder how he answered all these *billets-doux*, until I called on him one Sunday afternoon and found him writing away, with a well-thumbed dictionary of familiar quotations at his elbow. I hear he has the reputation of a poet, in some circles. "What? Cakes, John? Well, that settles it. I've made up my mind, in cold blood, to cut Chapel!"

Voices.

LAST year there was considerable discussion concerning the advisability of appointing a board of directors for base-ball. We trust that the year '84 may witness this suggestion carried into effect. That our captains have generally given general satisfaction is, perhaps, the reason why this plan has not been acted upon. It certainly cannot be denied that inferior players have been selected, and our prospects jeopardized by the mistaken judgment of the captain.

We hold that our base-ball interests are too important to depend upon the decision of one man, however conscientious he may be. True, the captain is supposed to have the benefit of the advice of the old members in selecting the team. This is, however, merely a matter of precedent. The captain may consult the old members if he chooses. But their advice simply carries the weight of their own personality. Moreover, under the present system there is too great responsibility resting upon the captain. He is held accountable for all results, whether or not he has accepted the advice of others. There is certainly no reason why the base-ball captain should possess more power than the football captain. The fact is, foot-ball was formerly managed without a board of directors. But so frequently were mis-

takes made and favoritism shown, that the college adopted the present plan.

We would suggest that the president and treasurer of the association, together with the captain, constitute the board. Such a board will not increase expenses, as both these officers are accustomed to travel with the team, and its appointment will, we believe, go far to promote base-ball interests in this college.

A VOICE in the October LIT. almost takes the words out of our mouth in lamenting the lack of patriotism exhibited by those connected with the college, especially when surrounded by so many places and objects of more than historic interest. We point with pride to Nassau Hall and to our cannon, and yet nothing but a rough, fragile pole marks the spot where the brave Mercer fell. Other heroes lie almost completely forgotten.

The time is fast approaching when '84 is to choose what *she* shall leave as her legacy to her Alma Mater. Next June will be the centennial anniversary of the *first* class to graduate from Princeton, after the acknowledgement of the independence of the United States by the mother country.

What could be more fitting than that the Class of 1884 should leave some token that might often call to mind those stirring times and the many brave sons of Princeton who did so much in that decisive struggle? A simple shaft where the gallant Mercer fell; or, perhaps, a tablet in "Old North," commemorative of the deeds of him and others no less worthy, would certainly be an appropriate memorial from the present Senior Class. Some may object to the first in that it would be too far removed from ordinary public notice. But are ostentation and conspicuousness the primary objects to be sought in such a matter? Even grant it so,

the tablet in North or a monument on the campus would serve to satisfy these ends as well as keep fresh and green the memory of those whom we should venerate and honor. Surely this subject is at least worthy the consideration of the Memorial Committee.

THE subject of raising our standard of entrance has been discussed at frequent intervals, with greater or less earnestness by the college periodicals. But the establishments of a preparatory school, at Lawrenceville, on a new and approved plan, throws a new light upon the question, and makes it come home to the college authorities with more telling effect than ever before. Undoubtedly, it is not presumptuous in Princeton to think that she has a handicap in that direction. Its founders and trustees are avowed Princeton benefactors and advocates. Such a prestige is not to be trifled with, or viewed as alone sufficient. It devolves upon the college to look to the maintenance of it. But it can be seen from the catalogue of the Lawrenceville school, that the course of study which prepares men for a collegiate education so far overlaps the requirements of Princeton that an average graduate of the preparatory school could nearly, if not quite, enter our Sophomore class. Thus, if the present hopes are realized, and as much as expected is drawn from there, the Freshman class will become the smallest instead of, as it should be, the largest class in college.

As an example of this, take the English course here—a course at which one of our English Professors has to “bow his head in shame when he contemplates it.” Hart’s Rhetoric is studied in Freshman year. There they are now studying Silas Marner critically, and for this purpose each student is required to own a Webster’s Unabridged Dictionary and Crabb’s Synonyms; and though we wish to say

nothing against our English Professors, and understand under what difficulties they labor, yet what student, after being accustomed to such a course, would wish to come here and waste so much time for an entire year? It surely seems that there should be some change, and that the classics during the first two years might spare one or two of their eight, out of fifteen hours a week. It is to be hoped that the standard of the Lawrenceville School will open the eyes of the trustees to the necessity of an amendment to the requirements of entrance.

THAT the college is sadly in want of a musical instructor there can be no doubt. This fact was fully demonstrated in the recent Glee Club trials. Although a large number of men, with fairly good voices, tried for positions on the club, very few of them had any idea how to sing correctly, and it was only with considerable difficulty that a sufficient number of men were obtained to fill the vacancies satisfactorily. This is not as it should be. Considering the number of men in college, we should have several auxiliary glee clubs, at least one in each class, from which the college club could be supplied. Then, too, the chapel choir singing is susceptible of great improvement.

Harvard has a musical instructor in the person of Professor Payne. This gentleman has charge of all the musical interests of the college. He trains the glee clubs and choruses, and daily presides at the college organ—rendering a select programme of choice music. Besides this he has conferred benefit upon the college, as well as upon himself, by composing a symphony—the only American symphony which Theodore Thomas deigns to render. There is no valid reason why Princeton should not have a musical professorship endowed. When we can so easily obtain two

hundred thousand dollars for the School of Philosophy, we can surely obtain thirty thousand for a chair of music. If the income from this would not be sufficient to induce a good musician to come here, his salary could be increased by charging private pupils a small amount for instruction, and the Glee Club could contribute a portion or all of the large amount they now have to pay their instructor.

Another point in favor of this scheme should be noted. If we have a professional organist, we are almost assured of a new organ, an article which is badly needed.

The Luther Festival, recently, showed what could be done by the students when properly coached, and the interest it created in musical matters should not be allowed to die out. I feel sure the plan of engaging a thorough musician is perfectly feasible, and if it is presented to the Board of Trustees in the proper light, by the authorities, active steps will probably be taken in the matter.

THE need of a first-class athletic field had been felt in Princeton for a long time before the present University grounds were laid out. An attempt was made to raise money enough to put the old field in order, but it was unsuccessful, as the students were unwilling to spend their money in putting land in order which did not belong to them, and which might be taken away at any moment. Affairs have entirely changed now. Through the liberality of a graduate, a first-class athletic field has been given to the College, and the students are called upon to do nothing more than to keep it in order.

In former times, when there was no cinder-track on which runners could train, and the foot-ball grounds were so uneven that falls and sprains were numerous, men might have been excused from coming forward and advancing the ath-

letic fame of Princeton. But now, with our grounds which are second to none in the country; with a first-class trainer, and with the former laurels of Princeton athletes as an incentive, there is no reason why all should not come out and, at least, try to keep up the reputation which has been won with so much exertion. There seems to prevail a feeling that it is a disgrace not to succeed in athletics at the first trial. If a man does not get on the team, or win his first race, he thinks that it is time for him to stop, as he cannot possibly succeed. This is a mistaken idea. Hard work alone will bring success. Let all do their best and Princeton need have no fear for her future standing in athletics.

THERE is a large number of men who are continually complaining of the dullness of second term. "First term is all well enough," they say. "Then we have, *besides our studies*, foot-ball and lacrosse to interest us. There are plenty of out-door sports to keep us occupied. Third term, also, is very pleasant, for then we can loaf on the campus and talk about base-ball and commencement,—but second term—heaven deliver us from it. Snow, slush, rain and mud, from beginning to end, with only an occasional lecture or concert to relieve the monotony. Ugh! It's simply beastly."

For the benefit of these men, as well as for many others, I would like to offer a suggestion, which I hope will meet with some favor. It is that we present a Latin play, under the auspices of the College, here in Princeton, during the coming winter or spring.

Harvard, a year or more ago, created considerable attention, and gained much credit by the rendition of the *Cedipus Tyrannus*. The students at Westminster render a Latin play every year; and at the German Gymnasia it is

customary during term time to present at least two Greek tragedies. Surely Princeton need not hesitate to undertake a similar performance. A professor in the Latin department assures us that in one class under his charge alone, there is sufficient talent, and that, too, of the right kind to ably present one of the Terentian comedies, not only with credit to themselves, but also to the College.

The cost of putting such a play on the stage would be comparatively small. Examination Hall would answer every purpose for a theater, and, as the play would be educational in character, there would hardly be any objection to its being used. We have, in the library, accurate prints of the costumes worn by actors of those times, hence, they could be made here under our own direction, and at small cost. I have heard it intimated that a noted artist in a neighboring city would gladly furnish all the scenery that would be needed. The music would probably have to be written for the occasion, but I have no doubt that it could be procured with little trouble. That written for the Greek play at Harvard would answer excellently, and Prof. Payne could probably be persuaded to let us have it for a short time. Lack of space prevents a more lengthy discussion of this subject, but I feel certain that all obstacles will rapidly disappear before a determined effort to put on one of the Terentian plays. I hope there will be enough men take hold of this who are willing to put it through. It will create interest in the college, among outsiders, and will demonstrate to them that while we indulge in athletic sports to a considerable extent, mental gymnastics are by no means neglected.

WE SHOULD like to see an improvement in the character of the stories handed in to the LIT. Now that the *Princetonian* has become a weekly, any ambitious effort in the line of fiction must find expression in the columns of

the *LIT.* only. We do not believe in the declaration so frequently made that no good story is ever written for college periodicals, although it must be admitted that the quantity of trash published in college papers goes far to confirm such a statement. We have been glad to notice for some time past the absence from the college press of the "mash" story once so popular. It heralds a new departure in the right direction.

Story-writing, we believe, affords a most successful training towards a good literary style. It necessitates, in the first place, originality. One cannot "build up" a story, as is so often done in respect to essays. The ideas may not be, are not expected to be, always original. The language must be.

Writing of fiction, again, is a help in promoting naturalness of style. We here leave behind a thousand familiar adjectives, scores of pet similes. In describing real or imaginary experiences, we look into nature and try to reflect her. In this connection we cannot but lament the influence, which we see in numerous contributions, of such writers as De Quincey and Poe. A large proportion of the stories written by college men bear traces of this influence. Such attempts are almost invariably ridiculous, for the writer is without experience of the scenes and character he wishes to portray.

A rational, healthy idea, naturally carried out, is, we believe, the proper province of the college novelist.

THE silent forces of Nature are the strongest. No less is this true in the spiritual than it is in the physical realm, and especially does it hold in regard to the silent, subtle influence exerted on the mind by its environment. In education, these forces are powerful agents, and, with proper

attention and study on the part of the instructor, they can be made to render valuable assistance, not so much in imparting knowledge as in creating an appreciation whereby the student assimilates and makes the knowledge obtained a part of himself, the true mark of scholarship.

Oliver Wendell Holmes shows his cognizance of this in his satirical remarks on self-made men.

The Scientific School has recognized the efficiency of this element in education, and endeavors to surround its students on every hand with imposing objects of science, which distill a scientific atmosphere, and this, breathed by the students, puts them in sympathy with their work. In this respect, the literary and philosophical departments of the College are far behind the scientific department. The student, going into a lecture in Physics, finds himself confronted by a huge Atwood's machine or a dynamo; or into a lecture in Chemistry, has before him a table covered with retorts; whereas, upon going into the Greek, Latin, English, or philosophical room, he has nothing to relieve the monotony of the bare walls but a rude desk and the Professor. True, we can have no instruments in teaching literature, but there are pictures, plaster casts, busts, coins and relics of antiquity to take their place. The æsthetic sense is a part and support of the mind, and cannot be neglected without serious loss and impairing that complete roundness which should be the aim of a college course.

Gazing upon the smooth brow and rounded outline of a head of Hermes, for ten minutes, inspires and cultivates a man as much as twenty-five lines of Homer. There is more in the face of Seneca than in many a Latin page. Two of the Greek Professors have made a small beginning in this direction, but there is nothing in Dickinson Hall, outside of a few photographs in Prof. Orris' room, that can be called art. Nobody will deny that in Prof. Orris' room, where his eye meets a picture of the Parthenon, or of other Greek ruins, he feels "Greeker" than in any other room in Col-

lege. Dr. McCosh showed his recognition of the influence wielded by these external objects when he brought a ponderous German volume and had it passed around the class, the other day. We understand that the College has some objects in its possession which are adapted to the purpose; let these be mounted and put where they will do the most good; and, as early as possible, let some money be appropriated to adorn the lecture and recitation rooms of the literary and philosophical departments of the College.

LAST year an appeal was made to the students of Princeton to join with similar institutions and the citizens of Boston in raising a fund sufficient to purchase the estate of Longfellow from his heirs. The object was to preserve from injury the home of one of America's sweetest singers as a relic and classical retreat for the many admiring visitors to the home of the deceased poet. In this practical age Americans have rescued only a few landmarks from the hands of vandalism.

True, Longfellow did not enter actively into public life, was not great in a political sense, nor a hero in war; but from that unpretentious, homely old house have issued the sweetest soul-stirring songs that have "Made a nation purer thro' their art," that have become precious words of hope and comfort to every household, that have won for America a prominent place in poetic literature.

Shall the students of Princeton decline to pay tribute to the memory of one to whom all England has unanimously attested her love by erecting a memorial to him in her great shrine of "honored dead?"

We would rejoice to see some interest and action taken in this matter, to show that we desire to assist in perpetuating the memory of our beloved poet.

Editorials.

THE LIT. Board is once more obliged to record the loss of one of its members. Mr. Thomas, to the regret of his friends and former associates, has resigned. His place on the Board will not be thrown open for competition, since the four numbers yet to be issued involve less editorial work than those already published, owing to the increased competition for prizes and positions during second term. The December number will contain a prize essay. We have decided to offer an essay prize in February instead of in March, as at first announced. As yet, it has not been settled whether six or eight men will be nominated for '85's Board.

The vacancy occasioned by Mr. Baldwin's resignation has been filled by the election of Mr. E. W. Harris.

WE HOPE that the gentlemen who are to represent their several classes on the 22d of February, will listen to a few words of advice about the choosing of subjects for that occasion. Of course, the province of the funny man transcends advice, so he may go. The interest of the day is national and patriotic; it does not so much center in the person of the man whose birth made it celebrated, as in the living political questions of the day. The shade of George Washington has been invoked often enough from that rostrum in the old Chapel; let us hear something about those issues which he would be eager to defend or oppose, were he living now. Let the three serious speeches deal in topics less familiar, but more vital than usual. The air is full of questions of great moment to the educated men of the country; we care not so much for the success of the Revolution as of the Civil-Service Reform; not so much for the

Declaration of Independence as for the purity and efficiency of political parties. Would that some public man of wide experience and broad sympathies might speak to us on the place of educated men in politics! It is becoming a serious question whether or no a decent man shall join either party. We admit that the day is one primarily of historical interest. Granting this, what more stirring theme could be found, or one more likely to be heard with pleasure, than "Princeton Men in the Revolution," or something similar. Permit us to say that a well-written speech or essay on this, or a kindred subject, would find easy entrance to our pages.

THERE should be no college in the land at which the preparation for a political career could be better made than at Princeton. The reason for this demand does not lie merely in the long and honorable record of Princeton men, in the line of statesmen and lawyers of the past. That we have an alumni, living and dead, who are justly a source of pride and emulation as political men, is indeed a good reason why the studies preparatory to a political life should be encouraged here; but there are other reasons almost equally cogent. One is, that Princeton draws a relatively larger number of students from a greater number of States, than any other college. Her field is not so restricted to New Jersey and the Middle States as Harvard's, for instance, is to Massachusetts and New England. Of the southern men who are graduates of northern colleges, probably more than half are alumni of this institution. To win back their allegiance and to secure their patronage, as well as to increase our hold upon the west, it will be necessary to give Princeton an unchallenged position in the way of political instruction. Up to the present date, the Senior class has not had a word of instruction in political science, political economy, international law or jurisprudence.

Most high schools, academies and normal schools teach the Constitution of the United States; this study is not required for entrance to college, nor is it taught at all during the whole course. History is a much more comprehensive branch, so much so, in fact, that it will be possible to get only a bird's-eye-view of the subject in the time allotted to it. It is much to be desired that a ray of hope for the future may be granted us by the adoption of the suggestion which, as Prof. Hunt announced at a recent library meeting, he has made to the trustees. He proposes that English History be required for admission. To this we all cry, Amen! but with a purely altruistic motive, for alas! the time is gone when such a change could have benefitted those now in college. The eagerness with which we applaud any such movement should receive proper recognition as one of the most remarkable instances of disinterestedness and generosity on record. We are selfish enough, however, to mourn the fact that it will still be possible for the present Senior class to graduate with little or no instruction in economics and political science. Perhaps the trustees entertain the fond delusion that the mere fact of Princeton's past success in the prosecution of these branches is a sufficient incentive to their present study, that there is a sort of apostolic succession in this matter, which it would be profanation to meddle with. The only training of this sort that remains to us is that given by the Halls. Glory and honor and peace be to the shades of their founders! They are our only stand-by, the only stepping-stone, for many of us, to future success in our chosen professions. When the time comes for the establishment of the school of philosophy, "it is proposed" that a professorship in Political Science and International Law be created. But meanwhile we suffer. Just before going to press, we learn of the election of Mr. Alexander Johnston to a professorship which will cover some of the ground. Something ought to be done to give '84 a chance to profit by the instruction of

Prof. Johnston, whom we hasten to welcome, and of Prof. Sloane, to whose lectures we look forward with great expectation. The time allotted is insufficient. Something else must go from the schedule, if we are to get any good from this course. Might not Science and Religion be pared down a little?

"IN WHAT way shall I study literature and cultivate a taste for it outside of, and in connection with, the regular course?" This is a question often asked, and one which seldom receives more than an incomplete answer. Fellows want to know what to read in their spare time; what books to buy; how best to supplement their studies by auxiliary reading. The spare time is a variable quantity. In Freshman year it amounts to a few hours on Saturday, perhaps, and part of Sunday afternoon. The studies of that year demand comparatively little independent reading; and if a man has worked as hard through the week as Freshman generally do, he reads rather for recreation than to supplement his classwork. But a good deal depends upon what a man considers recreation. If he has so lost his appetite that strong meat is too much for him, he will demand diet which would fail to support a more robust intellect. Fiction and, for many, poetry, are the two recreative forms of literature. Well, an education in itself can be gotten out of either or both of these. The whole matter lies in selectness. One must cultivate a desire for that alone which is good. It is the office of criticism to give some standard by which to distinguish the worthy from the unworthy. In a former editorial we recommended that some such book as Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature" be used as a text-book in Freshman year. This admirable little book, a very sure guide to a true estimate and a full appreciation of English literature, can be read through in an evening; and

it seems a waste of time for anyone to dip into general reading without having some short and accurate outline like this. Sophomore year is the halcyon time of a college course. There seems to be a season of general amnesty; the steady grind has given way to classic ease and repose. If a man wishes to make anything out of himself as a writer or speaker, Soph. year is the time to put forth his heaviest preliminary work. So the reading of that year should be more than recreative and superficial; it should be done with especial reference to the last two years of the course—fellowships, prizes, Hall-work, journalism, etc. Junior year is so busy, and its studies come home so close, that perhaps the best thing one can do then is to make most of his reading parallel to the course. Of Senior year we have had so little experience that we can make no prescriptions for it. And, after all, there is something too cold and calculating, too presumptuous, one might say, in attempting to prescribe reading for others. So much depends on individual taste and opportunities. But our opportunities are almost equal all around, and taste may be modified. No form of literature is so likely to elevate taste and impart ideas as the essays of living critics. It is more and more becoming evident that criticism, and not creation, is the favorite and more enduring form of literary effort in this century. The alcove of the library, which will do more than any other to put one on a level with the ideas and opinions of his own times, is that entitled, strangely enough, Rhetoric and Oratory. Here it is that a man with very little time at his disposal may make the best use of it. For poetry there is no better library for one of limited means and time than the four volumes of Ward's English Poets. For literary criticism Lowell and Arnold are best. We will be pardoned for giving so much free advice when it is remembered that it is done "by request."

Literary Gossip.

NEVER since your Gossip entered upon his duties as vender of small-talk, have literary matters been in such a flourishing condition in the outside world, or the subject of so much interest in college, as at present. Is the latter true because we are at last waking up to a realization of the supreme worth and nobility of letters, and the value of historical and literary culture? Or is it because of the introduction of new blood into Princeton, both in College and Seminary Faculties? Yes, probably, for both these reasons. But there are others, too,—the discussion of literary topics at the library meetings, the Luther festival, the prospect, and, by the time the *Lit.* is in our readers' hands, the actual fact, of seeing and hearing him who, for his power of arresting and modifying the intellectual course of thinking young men, is more than all other poets and critics their acknowledged liege. You have already read so much about Mr. Arnold, that anything we could put before you, in a general way, would be superfluous. To those who have not already seen them—and most of you probably have—we would strongly urge the reading of an article on Mr. Arnold, in the *Nation* of November 3d, a good sketch in the *Critic*, and a more complete study in the *November Century*. The most appreciative of all the notices which we have seen, is one in the *Christian Union* for November 3d. The only thing that we wish to add, of our own accord, to these excellent reviews, is an increase of emphasis on what Henry A. Beers says of Mr. Arnold's influence on young men: "I know numbers of young men—and some, alas! no longer young—who have found in Matthew Arnold's poetry a more exact answer to their intellectual and emotional wants than any poetry of Tennyson's or even of Emerson's." There is, perhaps, no other author, living or dead, the appreciation of whose works so completely upsets a man's former train of life and gives it so great an impulse in a new direction. A love for Mr. Arnold's poetry is almost dangerous, inasmuch as it creates a new appetite, which the writings of other men fail to satisfy. The same is true, even to a greater degree, of his prose. His prefaces, everywhere; his essays on "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," "Heinrich Heine," and the two, his masterpieces so far as depends on style and magical attractiveness, on Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin, will impart more stimulus and give a truer conception of the relative importance of general ideas, than can be found in such condensed form in the writings of any other living man. Until lately, Mr. Arnold's name was not in everybody's mouth; his admirers, in this

country at least, were not the general reading public. They were a select and jealous few, mostly men of the younger generation, who found in him a voice from the future, a voice as of one ahead of his age. The reason why he has so attracted younger men is his utter refusal to be connected with parties, creeds and movements, and the fact which remains unchallenged through all his questionings and scorings, the fact of his intense seriousness. It is felt that he speaks for himself, that he stands on his own ground. As he said of Emerson, so his sympathizers say of him—

"A voice oracular hath pealed to-day,
To-day a hero's banner is unfurled."

Yet for a man to be too oracular now-a-days, for a man to be too much of a believer and too little of a doubter, is enough to proclaim him behind his age, or so far ahead as to be out of the question as a leader. Hence it is that the chord of Matthew Arnold's harp which has readiest response from his followers, is the chord of sadness, darkness and doubt, the chord of faith without an adequate object, the chord he strikes so sweetly in "Dover Beach"—the finest poem written in English since the death of John Keats. But all this will not be so apparent to Mr. Arnold's hearers in this country and in this college, as the critical side of his nature. The *Nation* shrewdly remarks that "American audiences will find Mr. Arnold interesting also, because he is really the first genuine critic of note who has visited these shores, and there is nothing which the American public find it more difficult to comprehend than a critic." "There is in the intellectual world to-day hardly any greater treat than watching his handling of any subject which really attracts him."

— The essay in the *Atlantic* on "The East and West in Recent Fiction" would be more pleasant if it did not drag in the inevitable Howells and the played-out Bret Harte. Now, although few stories are more fresh and delightful than Bret Harte's earlier pieces, it is only fair to say that he has worked his vein too long; it is played out. Poker Flat and Sandy Bar were once prolific diggings. But now, alas! only the machinery remains. And one occasionally dares wonder if Mr. Howells would have had such good fortune—would even have been reviewed in the *Atlantic*, if he had chanced to reside south of the latitude of Boston. We have one novelist, however, who is neither a New Englander nor the narrator of mere frontier tales, and who, in the opinion of many, has portrayed American manners in a more hearty as well as more artistic fashion—George W. Cable. And yet is it not strange that he too has chosen a most un-American field? No novelist of great repute has yet pictured *average* life in this country. Kennedy, in "Swallow Barn," and Bayard Taylor, in "The Story of

Kennett," came near answering this demand. Hawthorne is not, as might perhaps seem, an exception to this statement.

There are James and Howells; they study the border-line between Europe and America. Bret Harte, we are tempted to say, works on our Asiatic frontier. Cable, although his breadth and reach keep him from being altogether local, has confined himself pretty strictly to the Creoles, who are by no means average Americans. Where his charm mostly resides is in the fact that he gives his stories a peculiar atmosphere; you know it is New Orleans, you feel it and see it and smell it. It is in this local coloring that Brete Harte is so successful, and Mr. James and Mr. Howells so open to criticism. The best feature of the *November Century* is the introduction of Cable's "Dr. Sevier," the effect of which is helped out by a descriptive sketch, "The Scenes of Cable's Romances."

— Notwithstanding the inability of the veriest book-worm to keep up with the current literature in his own language, it is desirable, for the sake of scope and liberality, that one should read *some* foreign books. Ebers, Bjornsterne and Tourguéneff have, of late, been the foreign authors whose writings found most popular acceptance here. The romances of the Norwegian appeal most sensibly to the affections and tastes of Americans, revealing, as they do, a certain community of nature between the two peoples, and a certain similarity of domestic life. The simplicity and openness of the Norwegian country-folk found a readier understanding here than did the Russian characteristics, which Tourguéneff portrayed. The latter's influence was, however, very strong in England. The November number of the *Princeton Review* contains a short memoir and criticism of him, which we can well afford to read.

— Who that has ever read one of John Burroughs' sketches can help reading every other he sees? Nature might be never so beautiful and interesting, but ordinary men would not find it out if there were no interpreters like Gilbert White for England, and Burroughs for us. In our view, a good specimen of his sketches is "Pe-pacton," the narrative of a solitary voyage in a canoe, down the upper Delaware. In this, and a dozen other light, breezy pieces, he has caught the very scent of the fields, and bottled it for our use; he has garnered up hundreds of autumn herbs and summer fruits, and put them where all may have a peep at them. He is a literary, rather than a scientific, naturalist. To such a person England offers many inducements for foot-travel. Mr. Burroughs, unable to resist the temptation, tramped, it seems, through Ireland and England. The result of his walks and studies and note-taking is summed up in the beautifully illustrated *Century* article on "Nature in England."

Editors' Table.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them."—*Macbeth, Act I, Scene III.*

"OH, WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Often times have we asked ourselves this question, and always have we been obliged to give it up. To-night it recurs, with all its former persistency. We feel sad and dejected. We have shed tears—copious, gushing tears—not of subjection and slavery, but of disappointment and disgust. Would you know the reason for all this, gentle reader? We will tell you, for you, too, are interested. Charles F. Thwing, in a little book on "American Colleges," has defined the true standing of our *alma mater* in relation to other fellows' *alma maters*. He says Amherst may be taken as the type of second-class colleges, such as "Dartmouth, Brown, Bowdoin and Princeton." Do you wonder that our eyes gushed forth the fulness of tears. To think that Princeton is only a second-class college, and not even a typical second-class one! She must come in with the common herd, the *οἱ πολλοί*, so to speak. We have always thought we were studying to some purpose, and that our diploma, if obtained, would easily carry us "where we would be." But, alas! "All is vanity." And yet, "Why is this thus?" To be sure, we do not win a boat race more than semi-occasionally; but then, does not Princeton's base-ball nine always, *nearly* win the championship? Does not the foot-ball association own many bruised and battered foot-balls—the emblems of victory on many a well-fought field? Did not the lacrosse team tie Harvard and Yale for first place?—but they have, by no means, "virtually played said tie off," as yet, that we are aware of. Does not the name of Princeton stand second on the list of prizes won in the Intercollegiate games? And yet, with all these recommendations, this is but a second-rate College! What can we do—what must we do to be—elevated?

But we are not always sad. We have been amused, and this feeling of amusement took possession of our soul as we read this editorial in the *College Argus* (Wesleyan): "In view of the reputation and skillful playing of the Rutgers team, we have good reason for congratulation at the magnificent victory of Saturday. * * * Fourth place is assured us, unless University of Pennsylvania should prove too much for us. There is a chance to beat Princeton and gain third place, but faithful work will be needed to put the eleven in shape to

do it." In the next number of this interesting paper we find an account of the game with Harvard, which, after general complaint in regard to the decisions of the referee, contains this paragraph: "Had a fair proportion of the close points been decided in our favor, we should have the pleasure of recording a victory for Wesleyan instead of a defeat." And then, at sight of the following, our amusement developed into a bad case of "grins:" "One of the Yale men remarked last Wednesday, while watching the regular afternoon practice, that there were only two colleges that knew how to play foot-ball—Yale and Wesleyan." We cannot but pity the confiding innocence of some people; but we really fear in this case there is a slight touch of brain-softening, and would suggest that asylums are provided for such cases, where the poor unfortunates may be secluded from the curious gaze of heartless strangers. Be more circumspect, *Argus*, we beg of you, and don't let your enthusiasm run away with your reason—if you have any.

The October number of the *Yale Lit.* was read with much pleasure. It is the first number of a new volume, and is rather "above the average." "Bret Harte" is rather a hackneyed theme, and one that does not present much room for originality. We almost turned green with envy, while we were reading "A Story As You Like It." It was "simply immense." The portfolio has been falling off for some time past, and is by no means what it used to be in point of excellence. The poetry is remarkably good, the following being quite a gem in its way:

" 'Twas years and years ago,
When thou, without a thought,
Into the chambers of my heart didst flee;
And then—dost thou not know?
Art still as yet untaught?
The doors I locked and threw away the key."

The *Virginia University Magazine* also sends an excellent number. "The Character of Shylock" is a noteworthy production, and the stand its author takes receives confirmation in the fact that it exactly agrees with Henry Irving's conception of the character of the Jew. What is the matter with the editor of *Collegiana*? He must be pretty "hard hit." We hope it is nothing serious, however, and are sure he will recover in time. This is the way he describes "one, from the sight of whom he has not recovered even to this day," in his report of the June ball: "Miss D. G., of Savannah, another of the angels in white—even whiter than her name-sake—was holding in her hand a beautiful bouquet; but the flowers lost their lustre and faded, even as the stars fade before morning light. Grace and dignity and eloquent repose rested on her face, and, resting there, were the eyes of many among whom may be counted your humble scribe."

According to the *Brunonian*, the Brown boys seem to be having a regular parrot of a time. Not satisfied with such tame affairs as rushes and hazing scrapes, some of the more original members of the institution have made off with the telescope, and the observatory is "closed for repairs." If the possessors of the instrument desire to dispose of it, we have a few enthusiasts here who will probably take it off their hands at a reduced rate.

The board of managers of Swarthmore College have issued a new set of rules and regulations for the government of that hot-bed of co-education. One of the rules provides that "all manuscript of the *Swarthmore Phoenix* shall be submitted to a committee of the Faculty previous to publication." Here is free press with a vengeance! The *Phoenix* however, thinks the regulations will not prove to be much of a hardship, for it congratulates itself that its own views and those of the Faculty coincide on all the leading questions of the day. This is as it should be. Isn't there an adage that says something about training up a child in the way it should go, etc. Behold here its confirmation.

"We're off! we're off!" the riders cried.
The horses smiled a smile.
They tossed their riders o'er their heads,
"You bet you're off, the while!"

This is the heading of one of the chapters of "To New London by Saddle," the most excruciating serial ever published by the *Acta Columbiana*. We are sure no severer condemnation than this can be imagined.

Just at this time, we think this little squib quite appropriate:

Now doth the mighty Senior
Hold forth the Chapel speech.
For liberty he loudly yells,
For freedom he doth screech.

How dignified, in gown arrayed,
He to the platform walks,
And when his courtesy he has made,
What heaps of stuff he talks.—*Univ. Mag.*

Calendar.

OCT. 16TH.—Annual cane spree in front of Witherspoon. Sophomores, 2 canes; Freshmen, 1.

OCT. 17TH.—Foot-ball game, University vs. Rutgers, at New Brunswick. Score, University, 2 goals and 2 touch-downs; Rutgers, 5 safety touch-downs.....Intercollegiate Foot-ball Convention held at Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City. A. Moffat and D. M. Look represented Princeton.

OCT. 20TH.—Foot-ball game with Lafayette postponed on account of rain.

OCT. 21ST.—Libellous article in *N. Y. World*, headed "Jolly Boys at College."

OCT. 22D.—Foot-ball. Princeton University vs. Lafayette, on the University grounds. Score, Princeton, 9 goals, 1 touch-down; Lafayette, 1 goal, 1 touch-down, and 3 safeties. 56 points to 7.

OCT. 24TH.—Princeton vs. Stevens Institute, at Hoboken. Score, Princeton, 2 goals, 2 touch-downs; Stevens, 1 safety touch-down. 15 points to 0.

OCT. 25TH.—Fall handicap meeting of the Athletic Association. The following were winners in the different events: 100 yards run, Griffith, '85; 440 yards run, Herah, '84; running broad jump, Travers, '84; 120 yard hurdle race, J. B. Harriman, '85; 220 yards run, Griffith, '86; pole vault, H. Hodge, '86; mile walk, Coyle, '84; high jump, J. B. Harriman, '86; one-half mile run, Coolidge, '84; 220 yards race for foot-ball men only, A. Moffat, '84; hammer throwing, Leeper, '85; 220 yards run for '87 men only, Fenton; mile run, Leavitt, '84; putting the shot, J. B. Harriman, '85; 2 mile bicycle race, Stearns, '87.

OCT. 27TH.—Lacrosse tournament for the Oelrich Cup, held at the Polo grounds, New York. The New Yorks won the cup. The games resulted as follows: Yale vs. Univ. of N. Y., 3 goals to 0; Harvard vs. Druids, of Balt., 1 goal to 4; Princeton vs. New Yorks, 0 goals to 4; Druids vs. New Yorks, 1 goal to 3; Yale vs. New Yorks, 0 goals to 2.Foot-ball—Princeton vs. Rutgers, on University grounds. Score—Princeton, 8 goals, 3 touch-downs; Rutgers, 9 safety touch-downs—61 points to 0.....Run of the Hare and Hound Club—1st Marshall, '84; 2d, Elder, '87; 3d, Egbert, '84.

OCT. 29TH.—Library meeting, in Dr. Murray's house. Prof. West read the paper for the evening, entitled "Classical Training."

OCT. 31ST.—Whig Hall Prize Debate. 1st, J. M. Lawson, '84. Honorable mention, Erdman, '84, and Harlan, '84.

Nov. 1st.—Chemistry Elective Class visited the Princeton Gas Works, under the guidance of Prof. Schanck.

Nov. 3d.—Foot-ball—Univ. of Penn. *vs.* Princeton, on the University grounds. Score—Princeton, 6 goals, 2 touch-downs; Univ. of Penn., 1 goal, 0 touch-down, 4 safety touch-downs—42 points to 6.....Princeton, '86, *vs.* Rutgers, '86. Score—Princeton, '86, 3 goals, 1 touch-down; Rutgers, '86, 0 goals, 0 touch-downs.....Princeton, '87, *vs.* Lawrenceville. Score—Princeton, '87, 0 goals, 0 touch-downs; Lawrenceville, 0 goals, 1 touch-down.....Republican mass-meeting, at Odd Fellows' Hall, Carpenter, '84, and Lawson, '84, harangue the assembled multitude.

Nov. 4th.—Dr. Paxton preached in the College Chapel.

Nov. 6th.—Foot-ball—Princeton *vs.* Wesleyan, on the Polo grounds. Score—Princeton, 4 goals, 1 touch-down; Wesleyan, 1 safety touch-down—28 points to 0.

Nov. 8th.—Princeton, '86, *vs.* Columbia, '86, in Princeton. Score—Princeton, '86, 10 goals, 5 touch-downs; Columbia, '86, 0 goals, 0 touch-downs—67 points to 0.

Nov. 10th.—Princeton *vs.* Columbia. Game postponed.....Luther Celebration, in First Presbyterian Church.

Nov. 12th.—Foot-ball—Princeton *vs.* Columbia. Game forfeited by Columbia.

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